

JUNE, 1924

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PERCY HUTCHINSON in *The New York Times*.

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“It is a pleasure to record that in the delightful volume issued by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, Mr. Henry Adams Bellows has satisfied in a masterly way the want which the general reader and the scholar alike have so long felt. He has given us a rendering of the entire *Poetic Edda* in as good an imitation of the original metres as could well be expected; he has been faithful to the often difficult texts; he has transmuted the vigorous imagery and the dramatic force of the Old Norse into modern English so extremely well that no one hereafter can have an excuse for remaining ignorant of one of the most interesting collections of verse that have ever been put together. I see no reason why this work should be superseded in our time.”

GORDON HALL GEROULD in *The New York Evening Post*.

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The POETIC EDDA

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER OF THE REVIEW

FRANCIS HACKETT, the American author, is perhaps best known for his literary essays in *The New Republic* and for his book, *Ireland, a Study in Nationalism*. Mr. Hackett is an Irishman by birth, and through his marriage with a Dane, Miss Signe Toksvig, he has still further extended his contacts to include the Scandinavian countries. In addition to his magazine articles, he has contributed a series of lively travel sketches to the *New York World*. Mr. Hackett brings to his interpretation of the North a lightness of touch and a delicate insight into the less obvious phases of life there which is singularly gracious and pleasing.

ANDERS ORBECK has made a study of certain phases in the Norwegian drama, particularly in relation to Ibsen. His translation of Ibsen's early plays with an introduction was published as one of the SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS. The present article on the Norwegian stage is an outgrowth of observations during the season of 1922-1923, when the author held a Fellowship from the American-Scandinavian Foundation for study in Norway. Mr. Orbeck is of Norwegian parentage, a native of Wisconsin, and is now instructor in English at Columbia University.

AAGE REMFELDT last year contributed a series of camera studies of Norwegian women to the REVIEW. He is a Dane resident in Norway and has exhibited both here, in New York, and in European cities. Sigurd Fischer's studies have been seen in the REVIEW in several recent numbers.

W. W. WORSTER has for years been active both as a translator and a writer on Scandinavian subjects. Among his most notable translations is the excellent rendering of Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*. He has recently been contributing critical essays on Northern literature to leading periodicals in England. The present story by GUNNAR GUNNARSSON is characteristic of the author both in its psychology and in its setting, that modern Iceland which he was one of the first to portray, with the lonely settlements, the perilous journeys, the battle for life against the forces of wild nature, and the bare simplicity of an existence that regards as luxuries many things common even among the poor in other lands.

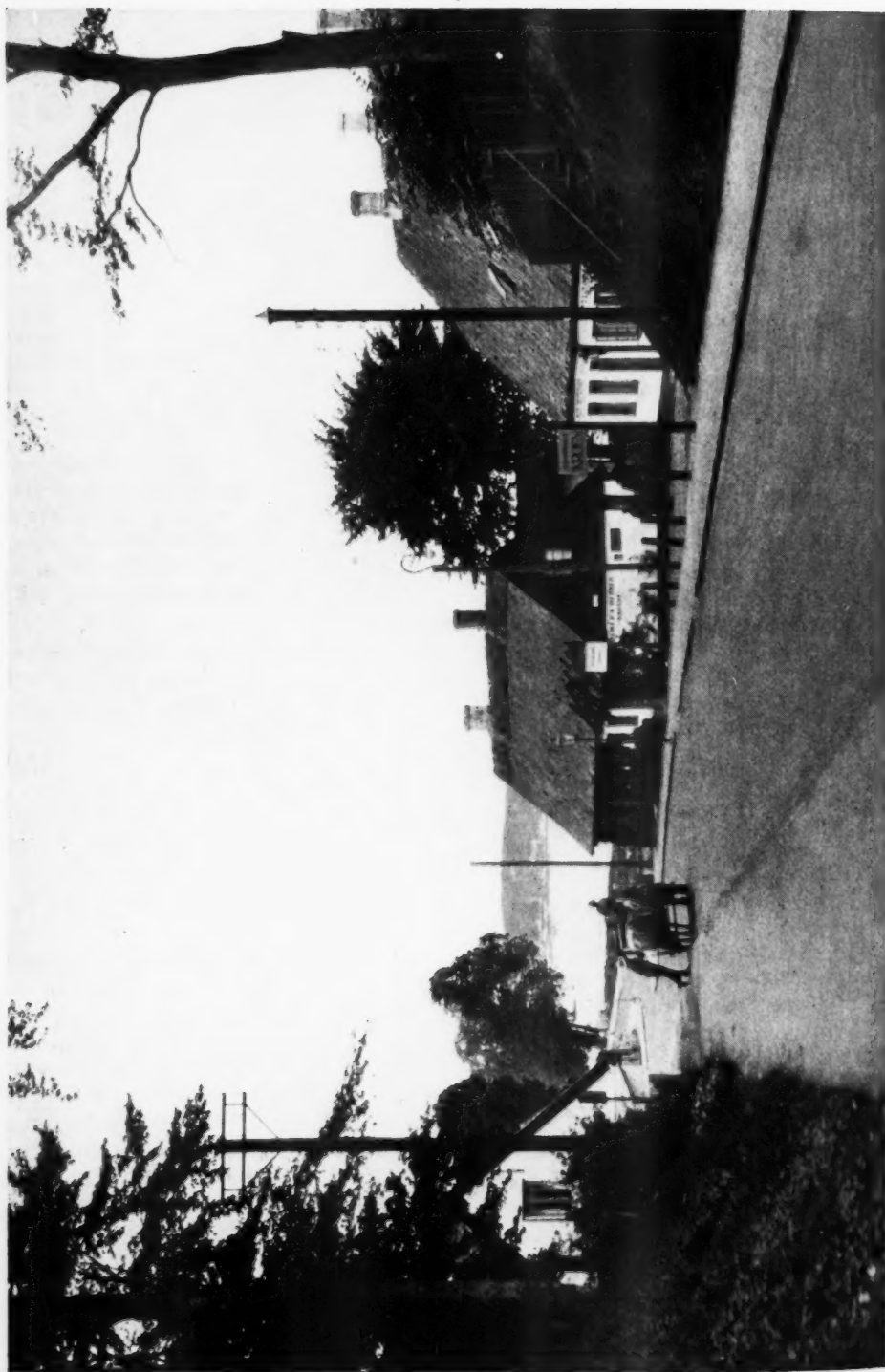
YNGVE HEDVALL, our Stockholm representative, has often contributed timely articles to the REVIEW. MARTHA OSTENSO is also familiar to our readers.

EMISSARIES OF GOOD WILL

DR. WILLIAM HENRY FOX, Director of the Brooklyn Museum of Art, sailing on May 10, was the first of a group of American educators to depart for summer travel and study in the Scandinavian countries. Dr. Fox has gone to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark to confer with museum directors, artists, and critics on questions involved in art interchange, and to prepare the way for a future exhibition of Scandinavian art in American museums. Dr. G. Clyde Fisher of the American Museum of Natural History and Carveth Wells F.R.G.S., sailed on the same day to make a survey of education and an expedition to Lapland under the auspices of the Swedish Travel Bureau and the American Swedish News Exchange. The president of the Chicago Chapter of the Foundation, Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, President Emeritus of the University of Chicago will visit the Scan-

dinavian countries for the first time this summer; and Professor A. A. Stomberg of our Minnesota Advisory Board will lecture at Uppsala in September. Four professors in Columbia University have summer missions to the Scandinavian countries: Robert Herdon Fife, head of the Germanic Department; Professor I. L. Kendal of the International Institute of Teachers College; Professor Franz Boaz, and Professor William W. Lawrence, Chairman of the Foundation's Committee on Publications. Professor Lawrence and Mr. Creese, Secretary of the Foundation, visiting the three countries together, will make many new contacts for the Foundation.

All of these summer visitors to the North go on missions of good will. Readers of the REVIEW will find in these pages occasional reports of their studies and discoveries.



Camera Picture by Sigurd Fischer

A SCENE OF RURAL DENMARK

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THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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NUMBER 6

Is Denmark Tame?

By FRANCIS HACKETT

ON THE WAY from Vejle to Aarhus I was haunted by a likeness. I knew quite well that we were not acquainted with the handsome, very sleepy, young Dane who had the corner seat in our compartment, and yet his face awakened in me a strong memory. And then it came to me: he looked like John Reed. John Reed, dead of typhus in Moscow, where he went because he really believed in Socialism. John Reed, who had come back from Mexico some years before so full of boyish enthusiasm for Francisco Villa. I never thought he was critical enough of Villa, and I doubt if he was critical enough of the Soviets, but he was a man who had the courage of his big heart, and I am proud his name is commemorated by the Republic of the Soviets in a John Reed Street in Samara. This young Dane in a tweed cap, a little tousled, a little rakish, had very much the same expectant, quizzical expression that I had seen on John Reed. An expression young and precociously wise.

We got a chance to speak to him. In the other corner of his side of the compartment there was a neat, alert Dane with a pointed beard and a morning coat coming down to a tail. He had several sample cases with him, and he was very much a man of the world. He was quite fussy at the prospect of being crowded in the compartment, and before he stepped out at Horsens to buy an apple he asked our traveling companion to guarantee him the reversion of his window seat. This extraordinarily far-seeing arrangement, to come into effect hours later at Aalborg, left such an attractive twinkle in the eye of the young man that when the commercial ambassador left to fetch his apple we all burst out laughing.

This young man spoke English, which helped me, and we had a memorable chat. He was sleepy because he was coming from a

sister's christening party in Sønderjylland. He had made a night of it. "Lucky it wasn't twins," he said with a smile. But he felt he was entitled to a celebration, he was just home to Denmark from Mesopotamia, and before that he had been living in Australia.

Yes, he had been in the war. It was in many ways a typical Danish yarn. In the liveliness of his youth and his love of liberty he had run away from Denmark to Australia to escape being called in for the army. He got to Australia just in time to volunteer for real military service in the World War. He smiled at this paradox himself. It was as an Englishman, more or less, that he served all through the fighting in Mesopotamia, but he told how strange it made him feel to see one of his own company, out there in the blistering desert, get a letter with a Danish stamp on it. "Why," he exclaimed to this man with whom he had been speaking in English for months, "I never knew you were *that!*" And before he had served his time he found five or six Danes, all in the ranks, all talking English as a matter of course and some with slightly Anglicized names.

When the war was over and the demobilization held up on account of the "peace", the peace being unusually warlike in Mesopotamia, he was demobilized only because, being an engineer by training, he was ready to sign up to go to work for the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. In this company he had risen to a post of considerable standing, but now, for family reasons, he wanted to be transferred to their service in Denmark.

"How do you like Denmark now?" my wife asked him.

His face had a quaint look. "It's so small," he said, almost as if he could take it up in his lap. "I don't know, but there doesn't seem to be any freedom here. You can't stretch your elbows without knocking some one down, and there's a rule for everything. Oh, of course, I like the old country. But Australia. Mesopotamia!" His eyes were hazy with something more than the christening.

It fascinated me, his point of view. It recurred to me some months later when I met a little elderly woman who had just come back from Brooklyn, who was homesick for Brooklyn, but who was staying on in Denmark in the hope of introducing chewing gum, for which she was a Danish agent. And again it recurred to me when I had a word with another Dane, a woman from an obscure town in Idaho, who was setting her flinty face toward Idaho again with a fierce loyalty to her new home. Once more, and finally, I was put in mind of it when I talked with a Dano-American, a professor, who, after his first visit to Copenhagen, told me grudgingly that the older part of the city was fine, but, with a grin, "the new parts are worse than the Bronx."

The beginning of wisdom, it seems to me, is to avoid blaming apples for not being pears. If one is forced to take an apple when

one wants a pear, it is hardly possible not to blame the apple for being an apple, and yet the apple cannot help it. There is no true "conflict of systems" between the appleness of apples and the pearness of pears. It is a difference without a clash, unless there is a clash in one's own preferences. For that reason, in making my present point, I do not want in any way to cry down Mesopotamia, Australia, Idaho, Brooklyn, or the Bronx. Those who really prefer these places to Denmark are as free as the air, so far as I am concerned; but, as a bewildered outsider, I should like to say that, since I never hear Denmark blowing its own lur, I wish I could handle that difficult instrument myself.

Leaving patriotism aside, what constantly surprises me is the ease with which a "returned" Dane lays his benevolent hand on the top of Denmark's head and says, "Good little fellow! But, of course, a little fellow. Never can be a real big fellow like—well, the kind of United States we experience, living in Chillicothe, Illinois, or Syene, Wisconsin!"

So long as the "returned" Dane is thinking of the place where he has invested his life, ploughed and reaped with his own hands, sweated and planned and troubled, how can he help going back there, and loving it as a creator must love his creation? But is not Denmark, after all, some one else's creation? Must one decry it because it is not one's own? Ah, says the Dane back from Mesopotamia or Alabama, yes, we are proud. But, of course, Denmark is a little country where there is no big opportunity. It is settled up. The children of *husmænd*, even, can get no land. If you walk fast, you knock into a co-operative creamery. Denmark is so policed by public opinion you are forced to be unselfish. Every move is known. Every yawn goes into the *Statistisk Aarbog*. There is a box in every *sogn*, as everybody knows, where the burnt matches are checked up against the matches that are sold, and last year there were 349 matches missing. How in Denmark is a man, a strong free man, to call his soul his own? How is he to expand? How is he to walk among the stars? The landscape is all buttoned up, combed and brushed; the hairs of Denmark's head are numbered. Give us back the wild, gay life of Emporia, Kansas, or set us back on the sand hills of Nebraska where we can stretch our Odyssean limbs.

This is not unlike the talk I have actually heard from ex-Danes, and I feel like combating it. Denmark is small horizontally but not vertically. It is compact legally but not in expression of free opinion. The man who is looking for adventure of the strenuous type in Copenhagen has only to go down to the Fri Havn and speak unkindly to a Danish seaman. The art of life—that is not a trivial thing, and it is not unknown in Sjælland. The romance of life, as pioneers know it, is deep in the eyes of every Jyde on the heath. The coast itself

is not without heroism. In the mixed company of European states Denmark is sufficiently humble, which is not a bad thing, but it is not negative, it is not slurred, it is important in the personnel of the League of Nations. Denmark exists in England, on every breakfast table. It exists in France and has been a personality ever since the days of the College des Danois. It exists in Germany, and Germany has been aware of it ever since the first cinder blew into the first eye. If you want to learn about Catherine of Sienna to-day, you must sit at the feet—no doubt properly sandalled—of a Roman Catholic Dane. If you want to know about Spalato and its palace, the Danish excavators will tell you. If you want to know about the health of the world, one of its statesmen is Theodore Madsen. If you are anxious about international effort to stop the traffic in women, you must speak to Dr. Estrid Hein. If Denmark seems to you an atom in the universe, a Dane can retort by showing a universe in an atom. And Niels Bohr's scientific curiosity is only a part of a characteristic national curiosity. On ships everywhere, the ships of the belts and the fjords and the fishing waters, the ships of the world, you find young Danes who have the wanderlust. The notion that Denmark is a small country forever immured in the far north, with nothing to read but the Stockbreeder's Gazette, is only for a Molbo to believe.

But the value of Denmark is surely not covered by the fact that it has European prestige in certain ways. It is not even covered by the triumph of Denmark in the moral adventure of citizenship. "If you wish to honor the memory of Lenin," said his widow, "develop crèches, houses and gardens for children; schools, libraries, dispensaries, hospitals; places for invalids." Without a revolution, or rather without the selfishness and stupidity that forced a revolution, Denmark has crèches, schools, libraries, hospitals and the rest, and its sense of citizenship seems to me the most sane and diffused and mature in contemporary Europe. The last word, undoubtedly, is not said when every invalid is taken care of, and every citizen is safely conducted to a well-fed torpid birthday. A Molière who dies of tuberculosis in his fifties is an offense against hygiene but a glory in the eyes of the Lord. Hygiene, after all, is only one way of helping to intensify human dignity and humor, gayety, beauty and surprise.

Has Denmark this love of beauty, this courage and adventure of life?

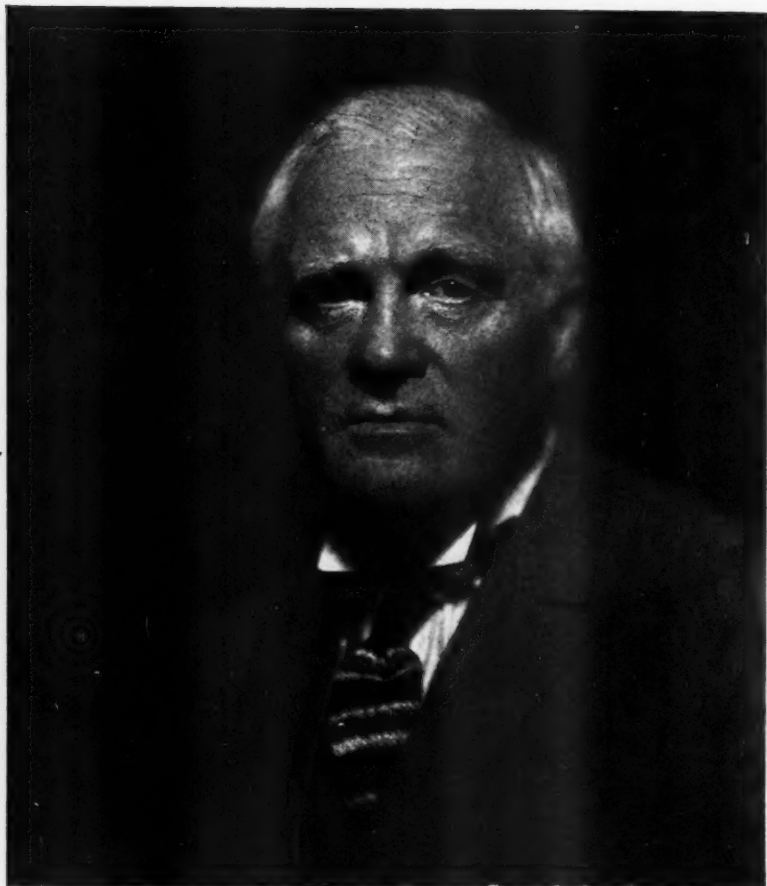
Well, I think that the Raadhus in Copenhagen, sanctioned by an ordinary municipal council, shows a love of beauty. Its exterior is not so daring, its interior is not nearly so luxurious and glorious, as the new Stockholm Stadshus, but it is still the sort of public building that finely represents a people and re-asserts a tradition. Can the same be said for the co-temporary City Hall of my own beloved Chicago?

The love of beauty in Copenhagen's railway station, in its library, in its parks, in its schools, even in its new co-operative tenements—to me this is a proof of the creative richness, the unaffected simplicity, the integrity in art, of the Dane. And I see the same beauty in the bodies and gestures of the people themselves. Not, indeed, all the people—not all the *grosserere* or all the members of the Rigsdag or the few loud-spoken counts who may remain. But, to put it briefly, I see it in the general appearance of that person whom Kipling classified as "Hans, the blue-eyed Dane." Niels Bukh has shown him to America, with the girl who is his counterpart. This is its own form of triumph, if the word of Greece counts for anything. But, one may say, it is tame, it is not adventurous. What, then, is adventurous? The civic architecture of Cleveland, Ohio? The human architecture of the subway man? It is far from tame, it seems to me, to keep a city so gracious as Copenhagen, so amiable as Fredericia, so smart as Esbjerg, so personal as Helsingör. One has only to see how Vejle has vulgarized its fjord to measure the athletic control that is needed.

These, indeed, are externals. But are they not symbols? To name Willumsen's paintings, or so stirring a film as *Heaven* by Benjamin Christensen, is to mention other symbols of a life that does not stagnate.

What the heroic temperament, the temperament of John Reed, finds lacking in Denmark, I imagine, is the ultimate tang of danger, the spice of constant change. For such a man, unless he is as ethical as a Grundtvig, no country is really sufficient. John Reed was born to California and bred to Harvard. What happened? He winged to Mexico on the first opportunity, and then he sprang to Russia. The world was John Reed's country. He wanted Russia as Shelley wanted Italy and Byron Greece. He wanted Russia as he wanted the moon. For such a man Denmark could never be sufficient. It is not, in any confining sense, sufficient for the Danes. But within the borders of Denmark, within the limits of the domestication that comes to every Dane, including the cow, what a clean, sound, satisfactory achievement it is, with its delicate perspectives, its unassuming elegance, its serenity. The first word in Plato, after all, is justice. In Denmark, almost alone on earth, if one omits its kinsfolk, one has the feeling of the presence of social justice. One is not aware of anxious philanthropy or hidden shame. The people are whole, socially speaking. Is this tame or insipid? For me, I know, it is an adventure to visit among such people. And without heroism no such civilization can be maintained.





Camera Portrait by Aage Remfeldt
BJÖRN BJÖRNSON

Björn Björnson and the Norwegian Stage

By ANDERS ORBECK

BJÖRN BJÖRNSON is again installed as director of the National Theater in Kristiania. Indeed it seems only fitting that he should again be thus associated with it. He is by common consent the most successful producer Norway can boast. To him, largely, the National Theater owes its existence. He was foremost among those instrumental in its establishment twenty-five years ago, and as its director for the first nine years he laid the foundations for the high reputation it now enjoys.

The National Theater is somewhat of a surprise to the American visitor. He comes upon it, as he saunters up Carl Johan, in the very

heart of the city, yet set apart by reason of a bit of park that surrounds it, a rather imposing structure, guarded by two towering likenesses, in somewhat overdone majesty, of Ibsen and Björnson. It will seem doubly imposing to him if he recalls the crudely improvised stages on which Ibsen and Björnson labored and learned their art. If he stays through a season, he may witness a varied program of classic as well as of ultra modern drama. Some years ago he might have enjoyed light opera and musical comedy, but since the phenomenal run of *The Merry Widow* in 1907 the theater has been largely a speaking stage. He will be as pleased with the general excellence of these performances as he will be surprised at the criticism directed from time to time against the management. He will be puzzled, until he comes to realize that the serious drama is here not a matter of surreptitious performances in byways and alleys. The National Theater is something more than a stage leased to theatrical producers, and art is one of the legitimate and major interests in the life of the nation.

In reality the National Theater is the fruit of seventy years of struggle. It is now almost a century since the first stage was set up in Kristiania, and the history of the century is the history of the struggle which finally culminated in the National Theater. This struggle was but a part of the larger romantic-nationalistic movement, but it was none the less real, and none the less legitimate and fruitful. The attack was directed against the foreign, now Danish and now Swedish, influence which dominated theatrical matters, and the immediate objective was generally the elimination of foreign actors and the production of the plays of native writers. The struggle developed at times into regular pitched battles that held the public interest to the exclusion of everything else. There was the spectacular clash in 1838, at a performance of one of Wergeland's pieces, between the national romanticists and the stern, though no less violent, classicists. The elder Björnson entered on the scene in 1852, and a few years later there was another stormy protest and the launching by Björnson and others of a rival company of players. The venture was, although formidable enough to secure some temporary concessions, unfortunately short-lived, and the struggle went on. During the decades which followed, when Ibsen and Björnson vied with each other in the writing of plays, the theater never fully rose to the occasion, never fully realized the glorious opportunities before it. During these years the agitation for a new medium crystallized, a medium less timid in its ventures, more sincere in its art, and free of those many restrictions which usually limit the activities of the ordinary theater. Thus when Ibsen and Björnson had just about ceased writing, when their achievements had emphasized the need of and quickened the desire for a new stage, the National Theater came into existence, in the very year, curiously enough, which saw the last of Ibsen's plays.



Camera Portrait by Aage Remfeldt

JOHANNE DYBWAD AS VICTORIA IN "BURNING EARTH"

Björn Björnson was one of the leading spirits in the establishment of the theater. He had studied for the stage in Austria, and had made his début as an actor in Vienna in 1880. He then returned to Kristiania, after four successful years on the German stage, and had joined the theater there as an assistant to the director. He had subsequently gone to Denmark and had become associated with the Dagmar Theater in Copenhagen in a similar capacity. Both here and in Kristiania he had brought new life and vigor into theatrical affairs. He had early realized the need for a theater adequate enough for the new drama, and when, largely through his

efforts, the new theater was erected, he became by reason of his training and temperament and vision its first director.

The theater is, as its name implies, a national and semi-public institution. In fact it is much more than an ordinary theater. The Norwegians look upon it, as they have always looked upon their chief theater, as one of the bulwarks of their national culture. They have always held that the theater must represent, that is by turns express and administer to, the artistic and dramatic instincts of the nation. The National Theater seeks to perform the same function for the nation artistically as the University does intellectually and the Storting does politically. It was not mere accident that it was so located in the heart of the city as to form a triangle with the Storting and the University.

The management comprises an executive committee elected by and from interested citizens, and a general director selected by the committee. The director is usually given a free hand if he has a program to offer and can put it through. He does not have to worry about stockholders and propitiate them through profits and dividends. Nor

does he have to cater to popular prejudices and superstitions. The people, here as elsewhere the ultimate judges, are exacting enough, to be sure, but they are on the whole intelligent in their criticisms and generous in their support. They are quick to sense and recognize excellence in art, even though when left to themselves they are not always able to achieve it. One familiar with the rather passive, if not directly scornful, attitude towards serious art here can not help marvel at this insatiable appetite, which nothing but the best can satisfy. And the strange thing is that the theater has been able to stand on its own feet. Or perhaps it is not so strange, when we remember this wide-spread interest. There have been lapses, of course, as when Björnson towards the close of his first term turned to *The Merry Widow* to wipe out a gloomy deficit; but after twenty-five years of activity there is a comfortable margin in the treasury.

The program during these twenty-five years has indeed been comprehensive. It has drawn from foreign as well as native, ancient as well as modern literatures. More than a score of Ibsen's plays, among them *Peer Gynt*, *Brand*, and *The Emperor and Galilean*, have been presented. Of Björnson's almost as many. Holberg's comedies have come to occupy a recognized place in the repertoire. Of foreign dramatists Shakespeare has been most heavily drawn upon. But there have been offered plays of Sophocles, Schiller, Molière, Bernard Shaw, etc. The program of any one year is a judicious mixture of the old and the new. The recognized classics are on the whole preferred by the general public, but in the widest interest of art there must be room for considerable experimentation in new things. Shortly after his appointment last spring, Björnson announced a sort of double première



Camera Portrait by Aage Remfeldt
HARALD SCHWENZEN AS PEER GYNT

—new plays to be enacted by new talent. Programs for 1922-1923 included *The Taming of the Shrew*—apparently echoing the national psychology with respect to women more accurately than the much heralded social legislation; *Brand, Rosmersholm*; Heinrich Mann's *Madam Legros*, a stirring play picturing the events leading up to the fall of the Bastille; Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped*, which in general excellence equalled and in the execution of details surpassed the Theater Guild production of the year previous; Hjalmar Söderberg's *Skjæbnetimen (The Hour of Fate)*, in which appeared five of the foremost actors. I felt a bit disappointed in *Brand* on the stage: its majestic sweep loses somewhat on being reduced to the dimensions of space. On the other hand, the performance of *Rosmersholm* opened my eyes to the possibilities of an Ibsen play. Scarcely less successful were *Jarlshus* and *Komedien* by Helge Krog and Nini Roll Anker respectively, two present day Norwegian writers, and a revival of *De Skadskudte (Damaged Goods)*, a realistic play by Nils Collett Vogt, Norway's foremost lyric poet. It is to be regretted that no American play has as yet been presented and still more to be regretted that America has so few really suitable pieces to offer.

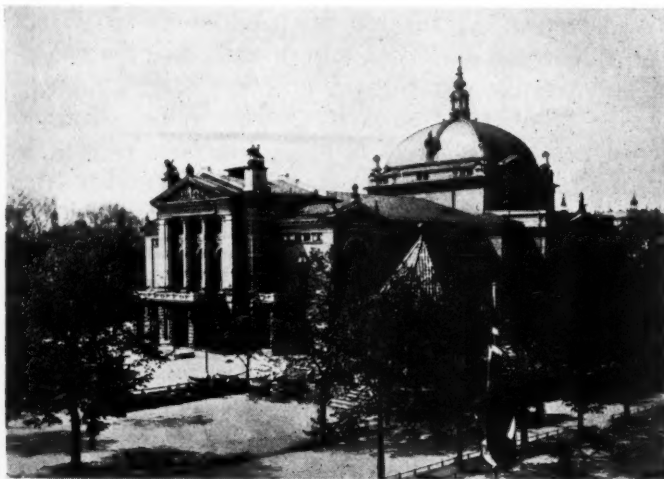
It goes without saying that the best histrionic talent in the country has been attracted to the theater. Some of the artists have in fact been identified with it from its very start. If you can imagine a group of American actors and actresses, among them six or seven of our best, associated together for a period of years, you will understand the possibilities of the National Theater. There can under such circumstances be no star system in the American sense. Several, sometimes four or five, of the best artists appear in a single production. The careful work thus possible in the secondary parts and in the minor details goes far to give depth and perspective to the whole. Furthermore the actors themselves participate in the instruction, the artist usually assuming responsibility for the play in which he acts the leading rôle. Three or four plays are running at the same time, and the staff is constantly rehearsing new plays. As a new one is added to the repertoire, an old one is taken off the boards. Two or three plays are offered every week, but rarely is any one of them billed oftener than four times a week.

The leading artists include Halfdan Christensen—the retired director—Egil Eide, Gustav Thomassen, Harald Stormoen, David Knudsen, Stub Wiberg, August Oddvar, Hauk Aabel, Ingolf Schanche, and Johanne Dybwad. Björn Björnson is himself a distinguished actor, but it is doubtful whether he will again actually appear behind the footlights. He has already twice declared he has acted for the last time, and he realizes that directing the National Theater is in itself a man's job. If any one is to be singled out especially, it must be Johanne Dybwad. With thirty-six years of acting behind her, twenty-five of them with the National Theater, where in recent years she has

been generally regarded as the guiding spirit behind the scene, she is still at the height of her powers. Her rôles are too numerous to mention here—suffice it to say, they include most of the famous Ibsen and Björnson parts. Last year she scored especially as Rebecca West in *Rosmersholm* and as Madam Legros.

Björnson left the National Theater in 1907. He has since then appeared in Sweden, Denmark, and Germany, both as actor and director. He was on his way back to Kristiania last spring to fill an engagement in a revival at the Central Theater when the directorship of the National Theater fell vacant through the resignation, under fire, of the director. There had been for some time a feeling that the theater was drifting and had no settled policy. The difficulty was no doubt in part due to the fact that the director, Halfdan Christensen, was doing his full share of the acting in addition to his duties as chief. At any rate, when last spring an obvious stop-gap in the form of an English farce was put upon the boards, the performance not measuring up to the standards of the theater, criticism broke out anew and led to the resignation of the director.

When Björn Björnson declared his willingness to assume the position temporarily, in order to allow the committee to make a permanent choice at leisure, all concerned, with the exception of some critics, united in urging his selection. Among the public his return occasioned a furor. The achievements of his first term, in spite of occasional lapses toward the close, were admittedly great, and although he is now well past sixty, he has yet all his old time vigor. Moreover, he has no small asset in the fact that he enjoys to the full the confidence of the theatrical staff.



THE NATIONAL THEATER

Four Icelandic Poets

By W. W. WORSTER.

DANISH literature has during the past decade received a noteworthy contribution in the work of four Icelandic writers: Jónas Gudlaugsson, Jóhann Sigurjónsson, Gunnar Gunnarsson, and Gudmundur Kamban.

JÓNAS GUDLAUGSSON is perhaps the most "Icelandic" of the four, and his best poems are those in which he conjures up the glories of his country's past as an appeal to the present. His race is one that has "borne great thoughts, great dreams, through the night of Time . . . and now by Time forgotten. It gave its light to others, and sank in gloom . . ." While others more fortunate are spared the primitive harshness of the struggle for life, his people still "fight in silence and alone against the fire and the ice"—and yet have "felt the need and found the means for a work of lasting worth." Iceland "still rises from the sea, loftily proud as of old. And the race is still the same . . . still growth in our land of the dark and the cold. There glitters a dream in the eyes of maiden and of man—Grant us a place in the sun, and see What even now we can."

The Danish poet Holger Drachmann, in one of the Byronesque periods that alternated with his spasms of respectability, wrote of Iceland as the land where

*"A man strikes down his foe
And never fails his friend,
Where hate is hate for ever
And love is love to the end."*

It is such a land of stern virtues and deep feeling that Gudlaugsson shows us in *Monika*, a little tale in prose. "God's peace, and happy may ye be!" is Monika's greeting, and the others answer: "Happy may you be!" The phrases are untranslatable into our current speech; for we have long since lost the habit of mind, the old-world Acadian simplicity, to which alone such utterance is natural. So, too, the prayer of the fisher-boat's crew for guidance on the deep in Jesu name is no mere form, but the earnest cry of men in daily contact with the elemental things. Yet they are no weaklings; there are wild deeds enough in the little story; Gudlaugsson's fisherfolk set out their boats in Jesu name, but they read the sagas, and are themselves imbued with something of the old pagan spirit. *Monika* is a little gem of a story; so, too, is *Solrun and her Suitors*. In these two works alone Gudlaugsson has produced something that should rank well to the fore in Scandinavian fiction, and thus far, at least, justified the claim, put forward in his verse, for a recognition of his country as a factor in the culture of the North.

JÓHANN SIGURJÓNSSON, the dramatist, inclines to subjects of a somewhat gruesome character. *Dr. Rung* shows us a medical man who, while nobly using his own body for dangerous experiments, incomprehensibly falls in love with a girl—and kills her. The play is pathological as literature, and the effect is heightened by the overstrained lyrical tone of the dialogue.

There is less gratuitous horror and more dramatic power in *Bjærg-Eyvind** (filmed with Victor Sjöström as Kari). It is the best known, though not the best, of the author's works. The dramatic effects are external applications rather than the outcrop of inherent potentialities. Only the last act is pure character-conflict. In *Gaarden Hraun*,* the acting turns on the attachment of the *bonde* or yeoman type to the soil and stead that have held his life and his life's work. Sveinungi stands as the last representative of an old school of thought, overpowered by the new. The theme has, of course, been dealt with often before, but the setting here is admirably suited to the subject.

Artistically, Sigurjónsson's best work is *Önsket* (*The Wish*). The subject here is nothing less than black magic; time, early 18th century. Loftur, son of the Bishop of Holar's steward, is studying for holy orders; at the same time reading occult works and carrying on an intrigue with Steinunn, one of the maids. She, however, represents, as far as *his* feelings are concerned, merely the lust of the flesh. In Disa, the Bishop's daughter, he finds an uplifting angel—and Steinunn is thenceforward an encumbrance. After a violent scene with Steinunn, Loftur utters the words of a spell he has found for causing the death of a person by a wish. Within a few hours, Steinunn is found drowned. Technically, it is a case of suicide, with grave moral responsibility on the part of Loftur; he, however, sees it as the direct result of his wish. The last act shows him in the cathedral, conjuring up an evil shade. Disa strives with him in vain; Loftur is now frankly mad, and when the shade appears, he falls dead.

Loftur is a medieval character in a medieval setting. His thirst for knowledge and his dabbling in occult sciences are the product of an age when all science was occult, and all knowledge was forbidden fruit. So, too, his passion for Steinunn and his worship of Disa are but the expression of that inhuman and unnatural duality which marked the cloistered view of womankind in the days of flagellant celibacy and the cult of the Madonna. The play as a whole stands out among Sigurjónsson's work as a piece of pure craftsmanship, of genuine power well controlled. It is a drama that should rank among the Faust plays; and the theme that inspired so various temperaments as those of Marlowe and Goethe, Grabbe and Lenau, seems here to have reached its height as an inspiration; the poet's gift, hitherto feeling

*Modern Icelandic Plays. *Eyvind of the Hills, The Hraun Farm*. SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS, Volume VI.

vaguely for its proper form, crystallizes at the touch, and becomes firm, ordered, definite.

Lögneren (The Liar) suffers by comparison with the pure, determined line of *The Wish*. The theme is taken from the story of *Burnt Njal*; a difficult subject to stage, and the burning scene at the end does not make it easier. Skarphedinn's final words "we burn, we burn as beacons on the shore of eternity," are hardly well chosen as a substitute for those of the saga. The characters, however, especially those of Maar and Skarphedinn, are drawn with sympathetic insight.

The recent death of these two writers, Gudlaugsson and Sigurjónsson, is a loss not only to their native land but at least to Danish literature as well.

GUNNAR GUNNARSSON is best known by the "Borg" stories, in which he traces the life of an Icelandic family through three generations. The series, published in English under the title of *Guest the*



GUNNAR GUNNARSSON

One-Eyed, may be dealt with briefly here. The young author seems to be feeling his way towards the clearer and stronger work of later years. The story of Ketill, the wicked priest who betrays his father's ward, denounces his father from the pulpit as the author of her shame, drives his own wife to madness, and later, as the wanderer Guest, does penance until death releases him, is a powerful theme well handled; the final volume, where the love and scruples of Young Örlygur end in a curious compromise, is anemic by comparison.

Livets Strand (The Shore of Life) is a story of failure. Sera Sturla, priest of Holmefjord, has lived for ten years in self-imposed celibacy, the doctor

having warned him, after the birth of his first child, that his wife would hardly survive the birth of another. He now proposes to his wife to trust in God and resume normal relations. Gladly she agrees and blesses him for his faith, knowing all the time that it will be her death. And she dies bravely, giving her life as gladly and willingly as she had sacrificed her desire in the years before. Then the child is drowned; an undertaking for the benefit of the community also fails; it seems indeed

as if some evil influence were bent upon destroying Sturla's faith. His trust in God is punished, his very sacrifices are made a weapon to his hurt. Finally his faith and reason give way. He sees life as a martyrdom only; life is nothing but a shore on which we are cast up and wrecked: "drifting dead, washed up on the Shore of Life. . . ."

Gunnarsson here takes a gloomy view of his country and its prospects; indeed, of life as a whole. It is none the less a powerful story, strong in construction and sound in detail; from an artistic point of view perhaps the best of the author's works.

Varg i Veum (A Wolf in the Holy Place) is likewise a story of failure. The milieu here is the capital, Reykjavik, and political circles; the one man who seems fitted to achieve the needed political reforms fails by his own weakness of character.

Salige er de Enfoldige (Blessed are the Simple—"poor in spirit") has for its theme the destruction of a good man's reason by consummate villainy. Grimur Ellidagrimur, a medical man, believes in a positive principle of good behind all manifestations of its opposite, and uses all the power of his keen intellect to bring the facts of life into line with his belief. Pall Einarsson, his quondam fellow-student, is the opposite type, a keen intelligence working on the easier plane of evil, using his knowledge of human nature to appeal to baser human instincts, or exploit the good. Grimur is earnestly in love with his wife; Pall sets about to destroy his faith in her. Not that he seeks to win her for himself; his aim is rather to destroy than to possess; it is the essential principle of evil, negative, annihilating. Yet the very wickedness of the man makes him almost more human than Grimur—as Lancelot is more human than King Arthur. Pall, debonair, man of the world, has the wit to choose a mask of engaging frankness, confessing himself a bad lot, and winning sympathy thereby. And Vigdis, Grimur's wife, good woman as she is, is yet a woman—and after the fashion of women, inclined to be nice to the poor villain, for the very reason that every one else is against him. This human weakness Pall most deftly turns to account.

The struggle between the two men is set in an atmosphere and environment that fit it as the storms and portents fit the murder of Cæsar. Pall arrives in Iceland on the day when the Spanish Influenza breaks out; and the two men meet in the intervals of strenuous work during the epidemic. Grimur, worn to exhaustion by his efforts, his faith in life assailed by the blind havoc of death, his faith in good undermined by the success of personified evil in Pall, has little strength to meet the final blow.

There is a Shakespearean depth of character in these two figures. Grimur is a kind of intellectual King Lear; his faith in his wife is the palladium of his faith in good, and when this falls, his reason crumbles with it. And his downfall is wrought by the gradual

action of a poison subtle and evil as that of Iago; a poison reaching beyond the heart to mind and soul.

Dyret med Glorien (The Beast with the Halo), a dramatic poem, shows the same uncompromising view of life as a tragedy. It is the story of an unfaithful wife whose sin leads to the death of husband and child. Woman is the Beast, and her halo "the halo of madness, our covenant with God." There is, however, an element of reconciliation in the words spoken by Halli Dödeskjald over the three:

"Lo, what was bound once more is free

Again God's mercy orders: Let there be . . .
And stricken Death yields Life the victory."

Edbrödrene (The Sworn Brothers) harks back to the earliest days of Iceland. It is the story of Ingolf and Leif, their boyhood in Norway, the discovery of Iceland, and the death of Leif. Here, too, there is tragedy; Leif, who had lost faith in the gods of his age, suffers the cruellest of deaths at the hands of slaves. But the story ends with the healing of the feud, Ingolf and Haasten become friends, and look forward to the future. "The fire burned brightly on the hearth; in its warm light, the images of the gods looked down as if watching all that passed, with slow content, and waiting, calmly wise, for what should come."

Gunnarsson is a writer of considerable technical skill, with a keen eye for character and a grasp of epical values. His gloomy outlook upon life may or may not be justified. A Norwegian writer has declared that "in a sick age it is a poet's right to sing ill songs." One might perhaps contend that in such an age one looks to the poet rather for some heartening note—such as one finds in the poems of Jónas Gudlaugsson, for instance. Gudlaugsson is a poet of faith. He realizes that we need "comfort of soul and the spirit of prayer," and he looks bravely at our present age as one pointing forward. "Our day shall conquer the dark of doubt; the flawed and the false be sifted out. . . . Greater than doubt, and strong as death, still gleams our hope, still glows our faith."

GUDMUNDUR KAMBAN is a dramatic writer. His first work, *Hadda Padda*, is a fine study of a woman's character, Ibsen-like in its wayward simplicity and sureness of instinct disregarding conventional feeling. *Kongeglimen (The King's Wrestling)* combines character interest with the tension of a well-constructed action; and the saga-touch of deep-rooted motive and primitive passion in conflict, discernible already in *Hadda Padda*, is here more strongly marked. The position arising when Hekla forces Rolf to marry her as the price of his father's pardon seems at first incapable of any satisfactory solution. It is an accepted principle that love will not

be forced; that any such endeavor can only defeat its own end. Kamban here asserts—and demonstrates—the possibility of an alternative opposite; of a requital measured by the depth of the passion that sought it, a treasure of love superlative in proportion to the pain it has cost to win. And this end is attained without any compromise or breach of artistic unity; the final reconciliation has the arresting charm of a fairy-tale come true.

It is a far cry from such themes and settings as these to the reform of criminal law in America, the subject of Kamban's next play, *Marmor (Marble)*. His latest work, the novel *Ragnar Finnsson*, deals with the same subject, which is one that may perhaps best be omitted from these pages. *Vi Mordere (We Murderers)*, the action of which is also laid in New York, is a domestic drama, ending with the murder of a wife by the husband she has betrayed. It is too sordid for tragedy; the woman is a pitiful creature, somewhat approaching the Strindberg type, and both she and her husband lie to each other to get at the truth. *De Arabiske Telte (The Arab Tents)* takes its title from the analogy of the Arabs who "fold their tents and silently steal away" as soon as the wells run dry—the principle being here applied to men who get tired of their wives and seek refreshment elsewhere. The milieu is the home of an Icelandic family settled in Copenhagen, with sons and daughters presenting various aspects of the same problem of married life. Both this and *Vi Mordere* are astonishingly unlike Kamban's earlier work, and disappointing by comparison. The author is at present occupied with work for the screen (filming *Hadda Padda* in Iceland). It is to be hoped that his next production will turn rather to the lines of *Kongeglímen*, a play in itself deserving of more detailed notice than can be given to it here, and one that should certainly be more widely known.

Enough has been said to show that Iceland is producing work of sufficient importance to claim recognition among its neighbor countries in the North, and also to merit the attention of others. It is evident that Iceland has not all its glories buried in the past. Scandinavian literature has during the last few years become more widely and more generally known to English-speaking readers, but more could be done, especially with regard to the drama, which has hardly been touched.



The Dark Mountains

By GUNNAR GUNNARSSON

Translated by W. W. WORSTER

MIDWAY across the desert of rock and stone men here call the Dark Mountains, there stands a cairn. And here, under the lee of it, sat Vigfus Glumsson, of Vatni in Hrafnadal, making preparations for a meal. He had brought food with him for the journey, and was making the most of it. With a pocket knife he shovelled out smears of stale, yellow, rancid butter from a carved box and spread it across the half of a stodgy pot-loaf, hacked off thick strips from a fat leg of mutton to put on top, and finally shore off a good deep slice of the bread thus garnished, which he proceeded to devour with leisurely enjoyment.

He was talking half to himself as he ate, uttering one sentence aloud and then letting his thoughts run on in silence till his mouthful of food was done.

Certainly, it was a grand idea—magnificent. . .

He could not help conjuring up a vision of his return. He would greet the others at home with a thoughtful, absent air, quietly, with dignity, so that they could not but remark it and fall silent, waiting for him to speak. They would mark his wrinkled brow. . . He checked the flow of thought for a moment, and with perfect seriousness put up his hand to feel if the wrinkles could be made sufficiently deep and venerable-looking. . . They would note his expression of reserve, and look for something out of the common. And then he would ask to speak to his father. Yes, in his father's own room. And there he would stand silent for a while, and then at last he would say:

"Father, I've got an idea. . ."

Vigfus had some cold, heavily sweetened coffee in a good-sized bottle. This he drank in gulps, carefully shortening as he neared the bottom, saved one mouthful till he had swallowed the last bite of food; leaned his head back and sucked at the bottle-neck like a child with a sugar stick; suddenly remembered he was twenty-two and must behave as such; rose up with a start, uttered a short laugh, and taking aim with the bottle, flung it at the cairn, where it was smashed to pieces.

Then he glanced round and shivered slightly.

It was abominably cold, there was no denying it. And the gale was blowing now more fiercely from the north as the day wore to a close. Well, he had a fifteen mile tramp to warm him before he got home. And in the meantime, something else that was not to be sneezed at.

With a crafty smile he loosened an intricate arrangement of tight leather straps, close-buttoned jackets, and swathings of long woolen comforters, bringing forth at last a flat spirit flask from a well protected inner pocket.

Ah! That was the stuff! It wouldn't do, of course, to let Ingileif know that he always carried a dram when on a journey—after that brother affair. But there was no denying it; a drop of spirits *was* a good thing on a journey to keep out the cold—keep up one's strength—of course, as long as you didn't take too much.

Vigfus screwed on the zinc cap again, looked to see how much he had left, felt—with the touch of a smile in his eyes—at the pocket before putting the flask back again for the time, and then reverted to a pedantic restitution of the complicated system aforementioned.

Hahaha! Leifa—if she only knew that the box with the rings was there in the same pocket with his flask!

The rings were to be his Christmas present to her, and were indeed the secret reason why he had wrested the doubtful privilege of making the Christmas journey to the trading station from Jon of Mel. Jon was always ready for any journey or adventure; but Vigfus had been loth to confide in him of all men the first news of his betrothal to Ingileif.

Buttons and buckles and knots resettled to his satisfaction, he knelt down to stow the contents of his roomy pack. He felt about aimlessly for a little. There were the twisted Christmas candles; there was the yeast for Bagga at Hjaleigu; and there was the silver spoon with the initials, finely engraved with many flourishes, I. T., ready for Leifa's birthday on the third of February. He *must* have one more look, though there was little time now to waste. And all those wrappings round it—He remembered in a flash the goldsmith he had visited the night before—the man's slow smile, his melancholy brow. He had done the work with his own hands, in the quiet of the night. —Would he—*could* he keep from showing Leifa the spoon before her birthday?

A gust of wind caught the loose snow that lay in tiny drifts about the cairn, lifted it fanwise in the air and flung it into his face as he knelt over the pack. Some of it got into his throat, he coughed and choked, blinked his eyes and shook his head angrily, turned his face aside and swore.

Oh, well—anyhow, he must be getting on, or he would not reach home before bedtime. And they were expecting him—to-morrow would be Christmas Eve. He would have to look in at Hjaleigu this evening, or Bagga would not be able to get her cakes done in time. And there were one or two other places he had to call with the little things he had been asked to get for neighbors there. They would be waiting for the raisins, too, at home.

He found the paper of raisins, which his fingers half unconsciously had been seeking, worked a hole in it, and swiftly shook out a handful of the fruit, which he ate with relish, albeit not without some qualms of conscience.

There were none too many, as it was, for the Christmas cooking—and the little ones would want a handful between them. After all, he was no longer a child.

He felt suddenly distressed; the hole in the paper would tell its own tale.

His mother would smile in that quiet way of hers when she saw it—and think of the rings.

He fastened the pack with a vicious jerk.

They had told him the same thing before, more often than he cared about—that he would never grow up. And after all, he was bigger than his father now. And stronger than any one he had ever put to the test. . . And now those miserable raisins would betray him. He would take a good big chew of tobacco to get the taste out of his mouth. . . And then it was really time to get moving.

He rose to his feet, took from his pocket a brand new tobacco box, bit off an inch of the plug, snapped down the lid, stuck the box in his pocket again and—spat out the quid the next moment with a grimace of disgust.

Ugh—of all the beastly stuff—

Then, recollecting himself, he glanced round anxiously; and smiled, with a comfortable feeling that there was no one to see.

And indeed, he *could* chew a quid of tobacco when he liked. It was only that he thought it better not to risk feeling bad out here in the mountains.

But enough of that. What was it he was thinking? Ah yes, the house. It would have to be just about here, on the spot where the cairn now stood. The house that was to be a refuge, a place of safety for travellers forced to cross the mountains in winter. And there were many such. For this was the only road from the hill settlement where he lived to the trading station. And every year there were some who set out and never returned. Only last winter four had been lost that way, and two of them at this very season, just before Christmas. But now he, Vigfus, had hit on a plan to alter that. No more of those death-journeys; it was done with now, once and for all. Just build a house up here—a couple of human beings could surely manage to keep themselves alive even here—a house where travellers from the trading station could find rest and shelter when the weather made it dangerous to risk the crossing of Long Ridge. Those going in the opposite direction could always turn back if overtaken by a snowstorm, and most of them would know that side of the mountains well enough to find their way down

to one of the homesteads below. But people coming from the trading station, and caught in a blizzard half way, had no choice but to go on. They would mostly be unacquainted with the eastern slopes, which were, moreover, difficult and dangerous to cross, with their belts of tall rocks. There was no other way for them but to risk the crossing of Long Ridge, the narrow pass a mile in length. And Long Ridge was dangerous in a snowstorm—one needed to keep a good look-out.

He turned his eyes toward it now. A straight, narrow ridge of rock, falling away precipitously on either side to a deep abyss.

Yes, it was here on Long Ridge that most of them perished, that was sure enough. And the two chasms had been given ill-omened names. The Silent Gulf, for that to the north; the Death Gulf, to the southward. Probably because the gale blowing from the north would fling the traveller down in the southward chasm, the other, having listened and guessed its purpose, holding its breath the while.

He peered around him. This was no joke. There was a snowstorm coming up. And if he had not gained the farther side before it came. . .

He carefully refrained from completing the sentence in his mind.

He quickened his pace. Already he was well out along the ridge.

Again he looked around—warily, with sharp turns of the head.

The snow seemed to have turned darker now—it had been gleaming white before.

He noted that the only dark spots were where the rocks rose steeply out of the sea of snow. All else was white; a cruel, merciless white.

A desolate place it was—not a trace of life. No movement but that of the wind—the icy wind. Even the ravens seemed to be staying at home. And how quiet it was! What had become of all the sounds on earth? He would have been grateful for the least little cry to break the monotonous whisper of the wind; even the melancholy cry of a raven.

The snow was so chill and insensible. So hostile to life itself, a thing of death and horror. It was different here in summer, when the earth was warm and living, breathing forth its mystery in every stalk of green, singing forth its joy in the ripple of every gay little stream, with thousands of voices, bird and beast, calling in answer.

But in winter it was a desert. And every winter some met their death here. It was but rarely the bodies were found. The Death Gulf was impassable. There they would lie, well away out of reach. The very thought of it—to lie there rotting in the open like so much carrion—to fall down there among bones and rotting shreds of clothing—and lie forever and ever, where none came but the ravens to pick out one's eyes, and then the foulness of life bred in

one's own dead flesh. . . And suppose there were some truth after all in the popular belief that the gates of Paradise were closed to all whose earthly bodies had not been laid to their last rest in consecrated ground—that those who perished in such wise as this must live on as ghosts, as outlawed spirits, drifting horrors of the dark and lonely places. . .

But—would they leave him in peace in his house. . . *His house?*

Vigfus stopped suddenly. A leaden heaviness had seized him; he could hardly breathe.

No, no, it was not that he had meant. Not that—no, never for a moment. To come and live here himself? No, no. . . With Ingileif, with little Leifa perhaps? No, it was not to be thought of. His father had a farmstead down below, and he, Vigfus, was to take it over that spring; the tenant had already been given notice to quit. And, besides, there were plenty of others who could. But move up here himself? With Leifa? No, no, impossible!

But would any one else be willing?

Hardly. But every one would see the need of carrying out the plan. And they would look to him, of course, as the one who had conceived it. . . they would expect *him* to carry it out himself. They might even consider it his duty. That was always the way; he had shown them what to do, and they would not even do it. They would realize the value of his idea, and then selfishly, brutally expect him to. . . they might even have the audacity to demand it. Yes, they would say it was his duty. Come around hypocritically pretending; saying they knew he would regard it as a privilege. Oh, yes, he knew them! Likely as not one or another of them had had the same idea already—several of them, perhaps—and been wise enough to say nothing about it. Just so as to get out of making the sacrifice. It would be just like them. But—no, they shouldn't get *him* that way; he knew better than that! He—he, too, would *say nothing about it*.

The wind had dropped during the last few minutes. But now it broke out again in earnest. A sudden hurricane gust flung Vigfus off his feet.

The change came so unexpectedly that he lost his head for the moment, sprang up, and screamed aloud.

Only the naked storm had reached him as yet. But he could see the snow bank bearing down sullenly from the northward, thick, dark, and impenetrable, across the white waste—surging irrevocably towards him. It rolled on like a mass of breaking waves, rushing and hissing now like some pitiless monster. A minute or so, and he would be swallowed up in the rushing turmoil, lost and blinded. Heaven help him if he had not reached the stone pillar at the farther end of the ridge before it came. He could see it already; that must be it, on ahead, all white with the snow.

His heart was beating violently; it struck him now that he was overexcited; he must try to calm down a little. What had come over him—to cry out like that—and with no one to hear him anyhow—well, thank heaven for that! If only he could be sure *they* hadn't heard him—the Beings down there in the gulf. Likely they would not care to be wakened from their sleep; or, if so, they might feel a wish for company. Some of them had been brutal enough in life, no doubt—no, no, he didn't mean that; they were good fellows all, of course, of course. He—he would have been glad to stay with them for a while—any other time. But he was pressed for time just now—on his way home—to his sweetheart—with the ring in his pocket—and a silver spoon with fine engraved initials—a little birthday present—hehe! But he would be coming that way another day, no doubt, and would have more time.

What nonsense. What on earth had put such silly fancies into his head!

He felt he deserved a little smile of indulgence, and gave it himself—for want of any one else to do so—with kindly condescension, yet at the same time tacitly granting that he was a clever fellow after all, a man who had neatly manœuvred out of an awkward situation. . . *Say nothing about it*, yes, that was the way.

Then all at once the blizzard was upon him, a vicious darkness that blinded his eyes till he could not see a hand's breadth ahead. It chilled him, too, thickly clad as he was, and to fight his way through was like wading in a roaring torrent. At every step he risked being flung over the abyss. But it could not be far now to the landmark; he would sight it soon—and then he would get out his flask and take a good nip.

The mountain side from there would be easy enough; he knew every step of that. And then once home and safe in bed; sleep and rest—sleep and rest. . . This should be his last journey over the Dark Mountains in winter at least—and alone; he would take good care of that. It was too dangerous. These blizzards were no joke, and to tackle them single-handed!

But—why, there was the stone—the landmark—thank heaven, at last.

He leaped forward in delight—only to feel himself next moment leaping down a precipitous slope *that should not have been there!*

He felt only astonishment at first, then in a flash he realized that what he had taken for the landmark was only a whirl of snow. He tried to check himself. . . slipped and rolled helplessly. . . faster and faster. . .

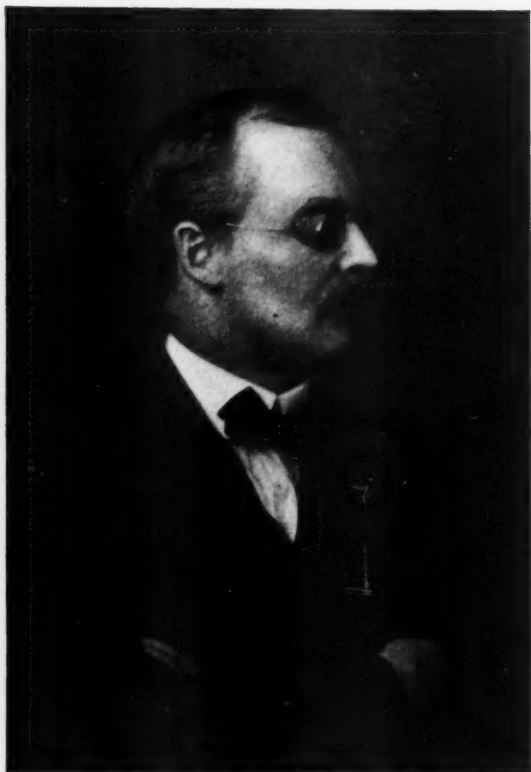
The blizzard drowned his cry of horror and despair: *God in Heaven. . . Help. . .*

The Blind Nobel Prize Winner

Gustaf Dalén and his AGA Light

By YNGVE HEDVALL

ALITTLE more than a half century ago an old clock hung on the walls of *Skräddargården*, nestling on the beautiful southern slopes of Billingen, in Stenstorp, West Gothland. This time-piece was an object of much interest throughout the whole neighbor-



GUSTAF DALÉN

hood. Rusty and battered, it had been bought at auction by the owner of the house, and it had been transformed into a most extraordinary alarm clock that cooked the coffee in the mornings as well. After the inside mechanism had been repaired, a combination effecting an alarm was brought about—at a stipulated time it began to hammer away at a steel plate, resulting in a frightful clatter. However, a half hour before this noise began, the clock had set in motion a sand-papered disc against which rested a match. After the match was lighted by this friction, a lever carried it to a gasoline lamp, whose hood was removed, and soon the wick was burning. Over the lamp stood a coffee pot. By the time the alarm went off a little later, the room was

lighted, and the coffee was hot. The inventor of this primitive and entertaining bit of mechanism was a young boy of thirteen, the third of four sons in the home. He had a reputation for being lazy in the mornings, for having an unusual mechanical bent, and for being an inveterate coffee fiend. These three characteristics together conspired to bring about the original invention.

The neighbors all believed the boy would develop into a genius as he grew older. But little did they realize that in time he would

literally spread light throughout the world, or that he himself would lose his own eyesight through his work, and that in spite of such a handicap he would go on with his brilliant and indefatigable labors!

The name of the lad was Gustav Dalén, the given name honoring the memory of his grandfather who was a prominent railroad builder. His own father was a land-holder. The oldest of the sons became a minister; the second developed into one of Sweden's most renowned oculists, and the third was a lawyer. Four professions, therefore, were represented in the work of these talented sons. Gustav was born November 30, 1869. His interest in practical affairs led the father to decide to turn over to him the care of the estate. The boy attended an agricultural school and studied gardening and dairy farming. In the dairy at home he became interested in the varying amounts of butter fat in the milk brought in by the different consignors, and succeeded in perfecting an apparatus for measuring the fat content. He took this to Stockholm to the home of the great inventor in this field, Dr. Gustaf De Laval, who patented the separator. De Laval received him brusquely, since the youth was unknown, but gradually he became interested in what was laid before him. He went to his own desk and brought forth plans and patents for an invention similar in every detail. A short time before this, De Laval himself had hit upon the same idea!

Young Dalén had come too late. But from his visit to De Laval he carried away an admonition from the older man to perfect himself along technical lines and devote himself to mechanical studies and inventions. He followed the advice, and in 1892 enrolled in the Chalmers Institute, where he quickly became one of the most proficient of the students. Later he studied abroad and on his return began to work upon hot air turbines, which, though successful in themselves, did not adapt themselves to practical economic uses. For a while Dalén was employed by De Laval. Then he became a representative in Stockholm for the Swedish Carbide and Acetylene Company in Gothenburg, and was placed in charge of the plant in 1901, when it was removed to Järila, just outside Stockholm. And thereupon he entered the field where he would shortly win a name for himself. He began by perfecting minor inventions of one kind and another, all of them practical and useful. In 1904 the company was reorganized as the Gas Accumulator Company (in Swedish, Aktiebolaget Gas Accumulator, which for short was known as AGA). When the Swedish pilot service became interested in dissolved gas (acetylene dissolved in acetone) Dalén made an attempt to produce flashing beacons by means of acetylene gas. In petroleum lamps this was accomplished through the use of a screen light in weight, which revolved when acted on by heat. But acetylene gas in light-houses did not furnish sufficient heat for the purpose. However, Dalén succeeded in solving the problem,



THE FIRST GAS ACCUMULATOR FACTORY AT JÄRLA, 1904

accomplished than he began to work on an automatic apparatus for shutting off the gas supply in daylight. He realized there would be great economy in perfecting a non-attended light, where human hands would not be needed either for lighting or extinguishing the beacons. As early as 1907 this problem was solved—the great invention of the AGA sun valve became a reality. Its successful operation is based on the well-known condition that a metal rod covered with lamp black absorbs the light, becomes heated, and expands; while one that is white reflects solar radiation, and its surface remains a constant, non-variant factor in its relation to light and darkness. The former operates by means of a lever and controls the supply of gas. When the sun shines on the light-house, the supply diminishes; when it sets, the supply increases. Daylight, as well as sunlight, produces this effect, but the rods are specially protected so that they remain unaffected by heat. The moon's rays

and when he also managed to combine a porous mass in such a way that the accumulator tanks could withstand transportation and shocks, then first it was possible to use gas successfully for lighting on the seas.

Still Dalén was not satisfied. No sooner was this



THE AGA FACTORY ON LIDINGÖN, 1923, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR

have no effect on the sun valve, since they lack just those characteristics that determine absorption. The valve is highly sensitized, and it is responsible for a saving of gas approximating forty per cent.

This invention carried forward AGA with a long stride, though it already had begun to be known the world over. The plant was enlarged, Dalén was president of the company, and branches were established in other countries. Fifteen men were employed the first year; soon the list had grown to nearly two hundred. New factories were built in Skärsåtra on Lidingön, one of Stockholm's adjacent islands, and these were opened in the fall of 1912. Since then there have been many extensions and enlargements of the plants. Under normal conditions one thousand men find employment here. There are some twenty buildings in all. An experimental light-house is in operation not far away. The workers have good homes, and AGA has developed into a little community in itself.

Sea-farers may see AGA lights now wherever they go the world over. They shine from the Magellan Straits, from the high beacon in the Panama Canal, from the iron construction on the Australian coast, from the solid stone foundation of the light-house Habushiwa, in Japan. The Ambrose Channel of the New York harbor has this light. So, too, Key West in Florida, Malariff in Iceland, Montevideo in Uruguay, Trapani in Italy, and Kurinsky Kameru, on the Caspian Sea. AGA lights swing from Robbins Reef and at Cuxhaven. They shine from light ships all over the world.

AGA is also used by the railroads both for flashing beacons and directly for lighting. It is found on American, English, Hungarian, Swedish and other railroads. Pullman coaches, automobiles, and motor boats use the AGA lights, and both aviation routing beacons and road traffic beacons use them as well.

The genius of Dalén has been active not alone in this field but in other lines, such as perfecting air compressors, pumps, electric uni-polar machines, apparatus for pasteurizing, and milking machines.

As already suggested, the year 1912 was a banner year for Gas Accumulator and its head. But it also became for him personally a year of serious misfortune and tribulation, which he turned into a record of even greater triumph and achievement.

On the twenty-seventh of September, while he was working on the high pressure gasholders in which acetylene is held in solution, an explosion of one of the tanks occurred. Several of those around him were injured, and Dalén, who was directing the experiment, most seriously of all. He suffered frightful burns, and for a long time he hovered between life and death. When he finally recovered, his eyesight was gone, and this despite the excellent care and attention he had received from his own brother. And so, for the rest of his life, the great inventor would be blind!

That fall, even before he was fully on his feet after this terrible catastrophe, he received the Nobel prize in physics as a reward for his invention of automatic apparatus connected with gas accumulators for use in light-houses and buoys. The donor of the Nobel prize had stipulated that it should go to some one who had rendered great service to mankind; in the field of physics, it would be hard to find another invention that has accomplished as much toward the desired end. Since then, Dalén has been honored in many ways. In 1913 he was made a mem-



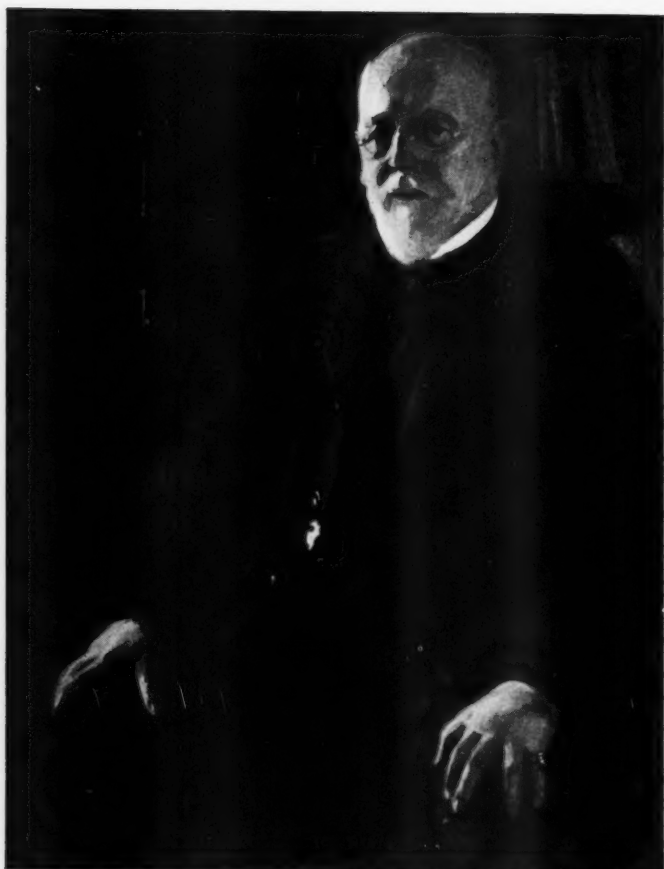
THREE WAYS OF USING THE AGA LIGHT IN AMERICA—LIGHTING THE HIGHWAYS OF THE SEA, THE LAND, AND THE AIR

ber of the Royal Academy of Science, an honor rarely bestowed upon a man in the realm of practical affairs. In 1918 he was given the honorary degree of doctor of philosophy at Lund University.

The average person would have succumbed completely after such a catastrophe as that he suffered. Not so Dalén, who was then at the age of forty-three and in the prime of life. Within the past dozen years he has remained at the head of the company, which has made rapid progress, and not a word of complaint could be directed against the way in which he has conducted its affairs. Dalén's memory is little short of phenomenal. With its help he has been able to master the most complicated financial problems and the most elaborate questions of costs. With the assistance of young engineers, he continues to improve the works from year to year. His latest invention is only two years old: it still further perfects the Dalén lights. When they had been brought to the point where the gas supply was not exhausted for long periods at a time, and when they were lighted and extinguished automatically—and all this without the aid of human hand—it still happened occasionally that the lights would go out. The mantle of the pilot light might for some reason or other fall apart. This need cause no alarm now, for no sooner does it fall than it is automatically replaced with another through this new invention of Dalén's. When it falls, the burning gas streams forth in the lamp and lights a stick which has held a wheel in place. After the stick has burned, a spring causes the wheel to revolve, the old pilot light drops through, and a new one is lifted up. Thereupon the wheel stops. An apparatus of this kind has been constructed with no less than twenty different mantles in reserve.

In spite of his extensive researches and inventions, Dalén has had time to devote to other matters. Shortly after the war he was vitally interested in the complicated and important problem of readjustment of foreign exchange. He has also taken an active part in the community life on Lidingön.

Great personalities are frequently characterized as unassuming and simple to an extreme. Such is certainly the case with Dalén. And yet a personal contact with him cannot fail to leave an impression of many-sided interests and a rare and extraordinary intelligence. It is hard to realize that this lively and genial and unrestrained man can see nothing whatever with his blue glass eyes—that the light is gone forever, but that despite all this he is still devoting his life to his chosen work. In time his will be a name mentioned among those of the great scientists of Sweden—among them Christoffer Polhem, Carl von Linné, Jöns Jacob Berzelius, John Ericsson, and Svante Arrhenius.



From a Painting by Strandenaes

DR. F. G. GADE

A Norwegian Portrait Painter

BRYNJULF STRANDENÆS, one of the younger and saner of Norwegian portrait painters, is producing noticeable and interesting work. It is neither old school conservatism nor the brilliant, flashy, slap-dash hit-or-miss of various contemporaries. Strandenaes accomplishes one thing, he gets a remarkable likeness very satisfactory to his subject. As a Kristiania lad he was brought up in an artistic atmosphere and for some years was uncertain whether to turn to music or painting. The cultivation of his voice seemed finally to promise the best chance of success, so he started along this road under the tutelage of Sergei Klebansky. The outbreak of the war hindered him from accepting a position to sing Wagnerian parts at the opera in

Darmstadt, Germany. This proved a turning point in his career, and during the last ten years, he has devoted himself to painting.

Strandenæs' schooling as a painter has not been superficial, but represents years of hard, arduous work, easily discernible not only in what he produces, but the earnest, studious manner in which he produces it, and the sound drawing underlying his color. As a child, Harriet Backer gave his first naïve drawings the kindly criticism with which she cheered so many budding artists; then Werenskiöld, Eilif Peterssen, and Vigeland were all attracted by the lad's remarkable ability to express himself, and gave him much good advice for which he later had reason to be grateful. Then came Munich and finally Paris before Strandenæs returned to Christiania to exhibit at the "Unges udstilling" of the Norwegian academy, then ruled by Christian Krogh and Halfdan Ström.

Caricature seemed an easy mode of expression, and *Verdens Gang's* pages were soon covered with his amusing cartoons of well known public characters of Carl Johan. Thommessen sent *Verdens Gang* his ultimatum and started his own *Tidens Tegn*, and Strandenæs went with his friend to draw for the paper which was to have so immediate and astonishing a success. Amid a group of Christiania wiseacres the young artist one day heard American art spoken of with considerable contemptuous exaggeration, and he decided, on the spur of the moment, to emigrate and see for himself. From the day he landed in America, despite many a hard knock, the chance he finally received as a reward for persistency and hard work has never been forgotten by Strandenæs. He became an enthusiastic admirer of what American artists are striving to achieve.

In recent years, Strandenæs has often crossed the Atlantic. He has held exhibitions not only in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, but also in France and Italy, and now this fall, he proposes to ex-



Painting by Strandenæs

CONSUL JOACHIM GRIEG

hibit in New York portraits of the various Americans he has recently painted.

It is portraiture which primarily interests Strandenæs. Sargent and Zorn are his modern prototypes, while Veronese, Tintoretto, Velasquez, and Van Dyke are the older masters to whom he never tires of returning for instruction and inspiration.

It is told that a Scandinavian Mæcenæs recently ordered two portraits made of himself—one by Strandenæs and the second by another Norwegian painter of greater renown. The former was kept by the Mæcenæs for himself, while the latter he gave to his Board of Directors. If the proof of the pudding was in this eating, Strandenæs ought to go far. And particularly as he believes in Michael Angelo's advice to his pupils:

"Draw, my apprentices, draw and always draw."

G.

The Fisherman

By MARTHA OSTENSO

*Then after all my fishing in the sea
With yellow, yellow nets of maiden's hair
For fishes finical, of ivory,
And tortoises beshaded and ghost-rare,*

*I draw my nets, and draw them like a strand
Of silken shine from out the water light,
And loop them in across the winking sand
And weave of them a gloamy mantle bright*

*As sunstones lying in a little pool
And looked upon by the first whitening star.
And now I wander inland where the cool
Calms of dew upon the evening are,*

*For fishes in the sea are silver-cold
And silver-pale as shavings of the moon,
And I would have a little thrush to hold
And I would hear a little thrush's tune.*

Current Events

U. S. A.

¶ Of the two National Conventions to be held during the present month that of the Democratic party naturally draws the greater attention, since it seems a foregone conclusion that the Republicans assembled at Cleveland will select President Coolidge to become the standard-bearer to succeed himself in the election for President in November. ¶ There is much speculation in political circles whether the death of Charles F. Murphy, the recognized head of Tammany Hall, will not mark some important changes in the pre-convention plans for the gathering in Madison Square Garden during the closing days of the month. With Governor Smith of New York a candidate for the nomination, the question at issue is whether any agreement entered into between Mr. Murphy and other leading Democrats for the support of Governor Smith will be carried out as planned. ¶ Of the international issues before President Coolidge the Japanese incident appears chiefly important because the Imperial Government denied that any "veiled threat" was intended by the use of the words "grave consequence" in the note from Ambassador Hanihara to Secretary of State Hughes protesting against the Japanese exclusion provision of the immigration bill. In acknowledging the note Secretary Hughes said he had placed no such interpretation on the words "grave consequences." At the same time the Senate voted almost unanimously for exclusion. The majority of newspapers in the United States registered a protest against the exclusion phrase. ¶ The question of the offer of Henry Ford for Muscle Shoals is once more in the public eye. Mr. Ford's announced support of President Coolidge after visiting the White House, according to the President himself, had nothing whatever to do with either Muscle Shoals or Mr. Ford's political views. ¶ In a hearing before the Senate Committee of Agriculture, Secretary of War Weeks told Senator Norris, chairman of the committee, that he had consulted the President before selling the Gorgas plant. When questioned about the attack made on him by Mr. Ford after the sale, the Secretary said that he was "pretty hot" about the matter, but that "a member of the cabinet cannot involve himself in vituperative discussion without involving the Administration." ¶ The return of Cardinal Hayes, after his elevation at Rome, was the occasion for a big outpouring of New York citizens as he landed from the S.S. *Leviathan*. ¶ On the same steamer arrived Messrs. Dawes, Young, and Robinson, the three Americans whose plan for the settlement of the European situation was found acceptable by the Reparations Commission. ¶ The sudden death of Eleonora Duse occurred at Pittsburgh.

Norway

¶ The Norwegian government on March 25 submitted to the Storting a bill abolishing the prohibition of spirits and replacing it by a State monopoly in imported spirits and local option. The spirits duty is estimated to yield a yearly revenue of thirty million kroner. Premier Berge, in a speech emphasized the social and moral necessity of abolishing prohibition. Reports from local authorities, he said, had strengthened his conviction, prohibition having had in all parts of the country evil results in the shape of smuggling, increasing drunkenness, and contempt for the law. The premier proclaimed it to be his firm intention to resign if his proposal was rejected by the Storting. The Storting on April 1 rejected the Socialist party's proposal that the prohibition question be decided by a Referendum.

¶ The Norwegian Anti-Moscow Labor Party has rejected the invitation of the Red Labor group, which recognizes the Third Internationale, to co-operate in the Parliamentary elections in October. It has, however, invited the extremists and the Social-Democrats to attend a conference to discuss the possible reunion of the three Labor Parties on the basis of a "dictatorship of the proletariat" without allegiance to any Internationale. A members' vote of all the Trade Unions of Norway has resulted in the proposal that the Norwegian Trade Unions adhere to the Moscow Internationale being rejected by a two-thirds majority. The Storting on March 29 with an overwhelming majority ratified the Greenland treaty with Denmark, there being only eight votes against. The almost unanimous vote came as a surprise to the public after the violent opposition to the treaty expressed in many influential papers. The ratification, however, gives general satisfaction, as paving the way for a better understanding with Denmark. ¶ According to *Aftenposten*, a young Norwegian aviator, whose name is not disclosed, has obtained the necessary capital for a flight from Spitsbergen to the North Pole and back. He thinks the flight will take fifteen hours. The attempt will probably be made in the spring. ¶ The Storting April 5 granted 56,000 kroner to cover the expenses of the Norwegian mission to Vilna, not refunded by the League of Nations. Several speakers severely criticized the League. Foreign Minister Michelet said that the League had not won laurels over the Vilna question and that it had undertaken a task beyond its power. But although the League had not been able to carry out its plans it had perhaps, by its action, averted a war. ¶ The Storting on April 8 decided to guarantee 15 million kroner of the credit which the Bank of Norway is going to grant Den norske Handelsbank. The premier, Abraham Berge, has issued a statement in which he declares the bank to be absolutely solvent.

Sweden

¶ The question of the defenses has naturally continued to engross the Riksdag of 1924. The tendency of the various parties to vie with each other in currying favor from an electorate that is disinclined now to make sacrifices for the defenses of the realm has occasioned severe strictures. On the island of Gotland, which would be left almost without protection, indignation meetings have been held, while in Göteborg the recommendation of the Socialist-colored Riksdag committee for the abandonment of the coast fortifications has roused nothing short of desperation, as the city in case of an attack from the sea would be quite defenseless if the plan of the committee should be accepted by the Riksdag. ¶ At a mass meeting in Stockholm Premier Trygger declared that the program presented by the government was as economical as it could possibly be if Sweden was to have any defenses at all, while the counter-proposal of the Socialists was absolutely unacceptable to the government. He urged the bourgeois parties to form a coalition against it. ¶ After long and devious negotiations, Sweden and Russia have concluded a commercial treaty which is based on a *de jure* recognition of the Soviet State and the resumption of consular and diplomatic relations between the two countries. Sweden at the time of writing has not yet appointed a minister to Russia. The Russian minister in Stockholm is V. Ossinsky. Postmaster-general Juhlin of Sweden has left for Russia to arrange for regular mail service between the two countries. ¶ The opinion of experts in Sweden is that the Russian agreement will be of importance chiefly to the shipping interests, and that trade and industry can not hope to profit much at present from relations with the great neighbor in the east. ¶ The long drawn out conflict in the building trades has been settled in favor of the men. The result will be to increase materially the cost of building, after construction has been almost at a standstill for a full year. ¶ Figures showing Sweden's export trade in 1923 are now available, and it appears from these that the downward trend of exports to most of the countries of Europe has now ceased, and an upward movement has begun. This is true especially in the case of England, which is once more Sweden's chief customer, but also in the case of Finland, Belgium, and Spain. The export to Germany, on the other hand, has decreased very much. That to the United States shows a slight decrease, owing chiefly to diminished export of wood pulp, while the export of iron ore is larger than before. ¶ An unusually interesting old manor in Skåne, Glimmingehus, has been presented to the Swedish Academy of Letters and Antiquities. The donors are the Rosencrantz family, who recently sold Glimminge estate except the manor, which will be preserved as an historical treasure.

Denmark

¶ As a result of the Social-Democratic victory in the recent elections for the Folkething the new cabinet is composed as follows: Th. Stauning, Premier and Commerce; C. Moltke, Foreign Affairs; C. N. Hauge, Interior; F. J. Borgbjerg, Social; L. Rasmussen, Defense; Casper Dahl, Church; Friis Skotte, Public Works; C. V. Bramsnäs, Finance; K. K. Steincke, Justice; K. Bording, Agriculture; Frue Nina Bang, Education. This is the first time in Danish parliamentary history that a woman has been chosen for a cabinet position. ¶ The official returns for the elections show that the new Folkething will be composed of 55 Social-Democrats, 44 of the Left, 27 of the Right, and 20 Radicals. As a further result of the election the newspapers *Social-Demokraten* and *Politiken* will once more become governmental organs. ¶ Asked to express himself with regard to the political changes, former Premier Zahle declared that what the Radicals desired was equal rights for men and women, rich and poor. He emphasized the need for cutting down military expenses which now amount to between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 kroner annually. Dr. Zahle wants this amount cut in two. He asks for direct taxation of the greater fortunes and stock companies, and thinks this would help in restoring the Krone to its par value. ¶ Great preparations are already under way in Denmark to celebrate the Fourth of July at Rebild on a still larger scale than in former years. A prominent feature will be the presence of the United States Minister, Dr. John Dyneley Prince, who is to make the main speech in English with an introduction in Danish, with which language Dr. Prince is fully conversant. Chamberlain Julius Clan, as president of Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, will be chief representative for Denmark at the festivities. Speakers to bring greetings from America will include James Madison, of San Francisco, representing the Pacific and Western States; Henry L. Hertz, of Chicago, representing the Middle States, and Halvor Jacobsen, representing the Atlantic States. Music and song are to be special features of the celebration. ¶ Danish dramatic and operatic circles are greatly elated over the success of *Kaddara*, the Eskimo opera, as produced in the Theatre Royal in Brussels. Reports from Brussels speak especially of the singing by M. Widemann, while the Belgian singer, Madame Soyer, met with an enthusiastic reception in her part of *Kaddara*. ¶ Another distinction that has come to Denmark is through the invitation of the French cabinet for Paul Klenau, the well known composer, to conduct two concerts in Paris during the Olympian games to be held in the French capital. ¶ An interesting account of Svend Gade's impression of America, where he directed several important film productions, appeared in a recent issue of *Politiken*. Mr. Gade's special art was much appreciated in the United States.

The American-Scandinavian Foundation

For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples, by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information—

Officers: President, Hamilton Holt; Vice presidents, John G. Bergquist, John A. Gade and C. S. Peterson; Treasurer, H. Esk. Möller; Secretary, James Creese; Literary Secretary, Hanna Astrup Larsen; Counsel, Henry E. Almberg; Auditors, David Elder & Co.

Government Advisory Committees: *Danish*—A. P. Weis, Chief of the Department of the Ministry of Education, Chairman; *Norwegian*—K. J. Hougen, Chief of the Department of Church and Education, Chairman. The Swedish Government is represented in the Swedish American Foundation (below).

Co-operating Bodies: *Sweden*—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Malmstorgsgatan 5, Stockholm, Svante Arrhenius, President; Ira Nelson Morris, Honorary President; J. P. Seeburg, Honorary Vice-President; Eva Fröberg, Secretary; *Denmark*—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, M. I. T. C. Clan, President; N. Feilberg, Secretary, Stjerneborg Alle 8; *Norway*—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Lille Strandgade 1, Christiania, K. J. Hougen, Chairman; Sigurd Folkestad, Secretary.

A Jury Meets April 12

In a room from whose windows one looks over the Charles River to Cambridge, there sat nine men. They were a jury, not to condemn but to commend; and through the long April afternoon they studied the applications and letters of recommendation presented by almost two hundred young men and women who were candidates for the Fellowships of the Foundation for study in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Professor Charles H. Haskins, Dean of the Graduate School of Harvard University, brought to the jury the papers of students of history and economics; Professor H. P. Talbot, Dean of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, submitted those of students of chemistry and physics; Professor A. E. Kennelly of Harvard, Professor J. W. Toumey of Yale, Dr. David D. Scannell of Boston, Mr. John A. Gade and Dr. Henry G. Leach of New York, gave reports on other students, each in his own field, electrical engineering, forestry and agriculture, biology and psychology, arts and letters. The chairman of the jury, Professor William Hovgaard, read the reports of absent jurors, Professor William Campbell of Columbia University and Dr. C. F. Marvin, Chief of the United States Weather Bureau. When the jury's deliberations were ended, the Secretary had listed sixteen Fellows of the Foundation for 1924-1925.

In selecting these Fellows, each of whom will receive a stipend of \$1,000 for a year of foreign study, the jury had considered one hundred and seventy-five candidates, nominees of sixty-two American universities and colleges, residents of thirty-five states.

Fellows to Denmark

By the rules of the Foundation, all of these Fellows going to Scandinavian universities must be of American birth. It is gratifying to see, however, that in a competition purely of merit, American students of Scandinavian descent make a good showing. HANS CHRISTIAN DUUS of Tyler, Minn., can claim Danish ancestry through both parents; HENRY IRVING COMMAGER of Chicago, and PAUL FJELDE of Minneapolis and Brooklyn, may meet kinsmen in Denmark. Mr. Duus is a candidate for the doctorate of philosophy in Harvard University, where he has taken the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Master of Arts. As a Fellow of Harvard and an Honorary Fellow of the Foundation, he will study physical chemistry in Denmark under the direction of Professor Brönsted. Mr. Commager, who has done both undergraduate and graduate work in the University of Chicago, will study European history with Professor Fabricius. The artistic accomplishments of Mr. Fjelde are not unknown to readers of the REVIEW who

have seen reproduced in these pages his portrait busts and low reliefs. Mr. Fjelde, who has succeeded to his father's fame as a sculptor here and in Norway, has been a pupil of the American sculptor, Lorado Taft. The monument to Lincoln in Frogner Park, Christiania, presented by Norwegian-Americans of North Dakota, bears his signature.

CECIL V. KING of Union City, Indiana, will go with Mr. Duus to the laboratory of Professor Brönsted. He is a graduate of Indiana University and a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Columbia University. The Fellowship in co-operative agriculture is awarded this year to EDWIN C. VOORHIES, Assistant Professor of Animal Husbandry in the University of California.

Fellows to Norway

When his appointment as a Fellow of the Foundation was announced, LIEUTENANT EDWARD HANSON SMITH of the United States Coast Guard was with the International Ice Patrol off the Grand Banks. His work as observation officer and oceanographer of the Ice Patrol has been to trace the annual ice flow sweeping down in the Labrador Current from Baffin Bay to threaten ships crossing the longitudes of the Grand Banks. Lieutenant Smith has collected a great body of data which he will submit to Norwegian oceanographers, especially Professor Helland-Hansen, during his year as Fellow in the Bergen Geo-Physical Institute. In *The Literary Digest* of April 12 there appeared an article on "The Ice Drift in the North Atlantic," which was drawn from a recent report by Lieutenant Smith to the Hydrographic Office in Washington.

From the library of the University of California, RUDOLPH H. GJELSNESS, Chief Bibliographer, will go to Norway to study literature and bibliographic methods. Mr. Gjelsness is a graduate of the University of North Dakota and of

the University of Illinois Library School. Two other Fellows to Norway will study language and literature, LAIRD SHIELDS GOLDSBOROUGH of Yale and BARENT TEN EYCK of Princeton. Mr. Goldsborough has been one of the editors of *The Yale Literary Magazine* and the *Yale Record*, dramatic critic of the *Yale Daily News*; though still an undergraduate, he has contributed to the Book Review Section of *The New York Evening Post*, *Harper's Magazine*, and *The Forum*. Mr. Ten Eyck was named by the President of Princeton University for the Fellowship given by Henry Goddard Leach to permit an exchange of students between that University and the universities of Denmark and Norway.

Fellows to Sweden

By the appointment of CECIL CALVERT CRAIG, it is said that we begin "to turn the stream of mathematicians from London to Lund." Mr. Craig, who spent his undergraduate years at the University of Indiana and is now a candidate for the doctorate in the University of Michigan, has been attracted to Lund by the reputation of Professor Charlier. Professor Charlier recently visited the University of Michigan to lecture on mathematical statistics. Mr. Craig is our first Fellow in mathematics. GEORGE SARGENT PERRY, however, will have precedent to guide him, for the Foundation has sent students of Forestry to Sweden each year since 1919. Mr. Perry is Professor of Forestry in the Pennsylvania State School of Forestry, Mont Alto, Pa.

Most of the applications for Fellowships come from the States north of the Mason and Dixon line, but in 1924-1925 we will have a Fellow from Alabama, a graduate of Howard College and a former Rhodes Fellow to Oxford, CHARLES WESTON WILLIAMS. Mr. Williams will study economics in Sweden, as will also Miss CAROLINE SCHLEEF of Berkeley, California. Miss Schleef is Associate in

School. I study SHIELDS NT TEN thorough the Yale Record, News; he has Section t, Har- n. Mr. ident of lowship e permit en that of Den-

Social Economics in the University of California and will study housing problems in Sweden.

Three women students have been awarded Fellowships to Sweden, Miss Schleef, Miss MARGARET RIGG, and Miss ELIZABETH MCKIBBEN SCOTT. Both Miss Rigg and Miss Scott have been appointed for the study of language and literature. Miss Scott received her bachelor's degree from Wellesley College and has done graduate work at the Sorbonne and Radcliffe College; Miss Rigg comes from the University of Washington in Seattle. In nominating Miss Rigg for a Fellowship, President Suzzallo wrote: "The University of Washington is doing all it can to further the interests of Scandinavian scholarship. The students in literary lines naturally look to the Fellowships in the Scandinavian Foundation as the culminating goal of their training in the department."

JOHN ARLINGTON ANDERSON, who is now in Sweden and has been working with Professors Barthel and Von Euler, has been granted an extension of his Fellowship to continue his research of plant fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. Each in his own way, the Fellows of the Foundation are developing our international commerce in ideas.

Northern Music in New York

The New York Chapter arranged an "afternoon of Northern Music" in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, April 6. There is no work the Chapter can take up that is more worthy of it and more in line with the aims of the Foundation than such a concert by which the highest possible form of artistic enjoyment is brought to the greatest possible number of people, and Northern music is presented under the most favorable conditions that the metropolis has to offer. It is no light undertaking, considering the competition with other musical events and the almost prohibitive cost of orchestra and hall. It would be impossible, in



OLE WINDINGSTAD

spite of devoted and energetic committees, if it were not for the self-sacrifice and genius of the director, Ole Windingstad, and his ability to inspire enthusiasm in musicians and singers.

Mr. Windingstad has recently returned from Norway, where he was guest conductor in Christiania, and this was his first concert on a large scale after his return. It is the combination of the male choruses, the United Scandinavian Singers, numbering 125 men with the orchestra which gives these Scandinavian concerts their peculiarly impressive character. Mr. Windingstad has in a rare degree the skill to arrange a balanced program in which popular appeal is effected without sacrificing his artistic ideal. In the present concert he gave what was felt by many listeners to be the most pleasing program he has ever presented. The numbers followed one upon another in a natural and gracious sequence without a single moment of heaviness. The nationalities were also well balanced, with two main numbers and several smaller by

Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish composers, respectively.

The program opened with the Symphony in C Minor by Gade, a beautiful work in which a melodious effect is due partly to the echoing of an old song, *The Fair Plains of Sjælland*. A more fiery, dramatic quality was felt in *Volmerslaget* by Heise. This composition for chorus and orchestra is based on the story of Valdemar the Victorious, who carried the cross in battle against the heathen "Vends" of Esthonia, and who, legend says, received the Dannebrog from heaven with the promise by a divine voice of victory in its name. Danish music was further represented by Kublau's *Amor* and by the prelude to Enna's opera, *The Little Match Girl*, drawn from Andersen's familiar fairy tale.

Swedish music was represented by Södermann's jolly *Wedding March*, the ever popular *Midsommarvaka* in which Alfvén has given a tone picture of a Swedish Midsummer celebration, and songs by Palmgren, Stenhammar, and Hallén, the two latter rendered by the soloist of the occasion, Sam Ljungkvist, tenor of the Royal Opera in Stockholm, who also sang the solos in the two songs from Grieg's *Sigurd Jorsalfar*.

The great names of Grieg and Björnson were linked twice on the program, in the dramatic poem *Bergliot*, read by Fru Borgny Hammer to orchestra accompaniment, and in the two powerfully impressive songs from *Sigurd Jorsalfar*, *Norönakvadet* and *Kongekvadet* for chorus, soloist, and orchestra. Other Norwegian numbers were Svendsen's *Zorahayda* for orchestra and Lie's *Jubilate* for chorus.

Mr. Louis Birk and Mr. A. N. Rygg constituted the committee in charge of the concert. In the intermission, Baroness Alma Dahlerup, chairman of the Social Committee of the Chapter, presented to Mr. Windingstad a wreath with the national colors of America, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

A Seattle Chapter

Our President's visit to Seattle on March 29 brought about the establishment of a new Chapter of the Foundation. Associates of the Foundation met Mr. Holt at the train, took him by motor through the city, and in the evening gave a dinner at Hotel Jowman attended by sixty prominent citizens of Seattle, including the consuls of the Scandinavian countries. Mr. Holt spoke of the work of the Foundation, the publications and the students, and especially urged that the new Chapter assume one of the Fellowships. The officers of the Chapter are Carl J. Smith, President; N. C. Wegner, Treasurer; H. O. Anderson, Secretary; and the following directors: Carl J. Smith, K. E. Norlund, H. S. Hanson, and Christ. Spang Anderson. Associates in the Seattle district who wish to be enrolled as charter members of the Chapter should communicate with the President, whose office is in the Dexter Horton Building, Seattle.

Minnesota Chapter Entertains Chicago President

Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, President of the Chicago Chapter, was the guest of the Minnesota Chapter at an organization meeting and dinner in the Odin Club, Minneapolis, on April 9. An audience of two hundred heard Dr. Judson explain how the Foundation "is trying to get the leaders in science, education, and the arts in the United States and the Scandinavian countries to know one another and to learn the attainments of the others. We believe that exchanges of students and professors in universities will promote this aim and will result in an exchange of ideals, which will benefit both and further Americanization as typified in intellect and good will." President L. D. Coffman of the University of Minnesota declared that the work of the Foundation will further solution of certain American economic, social, and political problems. Other speakers were the

toastmaster, Professor A. A. Stomberg, Consul Theophilus Wessén, Judge Gunnar Nordbye, Colonel Henry A. Bellows, Edgar Mattson, and Thomas Skellet.

The Minneapolis papers printed generous accounts of the dinner, and both the *Journal* and *Tribune* found in it subjects for editorial comment. "Rightly understood," said the *Tribune*, "the hyphen which appears in the title the American-Scandinavian Foundation is a tie that binds and not a punctuation mark that segregates." The *Journal* comments on the fact that the Foundation has sent ten Minnesota students to Scandinavian universities. "While Minnesota has benefited from the operations of the Foundation, it has not responded with active support such as might be appropriately expected from a state so enriched by Scandinavian blood." The *Journal* interpreted the dinner at the Odin Club as a sign of increasing interest and support.

Northern Lights

The Gösta Berling Film

The great undertaking of filming Gösta Berling's Saga has now been accomplished. Owing to the large number of characters, the tragedies of a score of persons, the many shifting scenes and incidents but slightly strung together, the blending of legend and reality, the work presented unusual difficulties in reducing it to a connected story told in motion pictures. Under the able direction of Mauritz Stiller these obstacles have successfully been overcome, and Selma Lagerlöf has approved the film version of her masterpiece. The title rôle was played in masterly fashion by Lars Hansson, and the other parts were also taken by Sweden's leading actors. Swedish landscapes received excellent treatment, but in some quarters there was felt a lack of the mystic and legendary quality so strongly sensed in the original story.

John Ericsson for the Hall of Fame

During the coming fall there will be an exhibit of inventions and records of accomplishments of the engineering profession in the United Engineering Societies' Building. There is a feeling that the position of our country in world affairs is largely due to these two classes of men and that more recognition is due them. Among those whose names will be proposed for a tablet in the Hall of Fame at the next election for that honor, in 1925, has been suggested that of Captain John Ericsson, who designed the first iron clad turreted battleship, the *Monitor* and developed the screw propeller, extending marine transportation to the ends of the earth.

Coins from the Viking Age

On some islands in the Bokn Fjord near Stavanger two archeological discoveries contributing new evidence of the relations between Britain and Norway nine hundred years ago have recently been made. The first consisted of about three hundred and twenty coins, the greater number being Anglo-Saxon from the reign of Ethelred II, and they are supposed to have been ransoms paid by the King to the viking raiders and to have lain buried since about 1020. The second discovery was that of a golden buckle, three inches in diameter, which, next to that of a golden spur found some years ago, is the finest example of goldsmith's work from the Viking Age discovered in Norway.

Professor Charlier in America

Professor C. V. L. Charlier, director of the observatory at Lund University, Sweden, is at present visiting and lecturing at American universities. During the last week in March he lectured at the University of Michigan on Statistics and Natural Philosophy, his chief interest be-

ing the application of mathematical statistics to astronomy. He has also visited the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago, and from there he has gone to the University of California, where he will remain as a member of the faculty until next August.

Old Swedes Mill

The Colonial Dames of America, Chapter 11, Philadelphia, are proposing that various Societies of Pennsylvania join in the making of a reproduction of the first mill ever erected in Pennsylvania, the "Old Swedes Mill" built by Governor Johan Printz in 1646. The replica is to be built on the precise site of the old, on the bank of Cobb's Creek, near the old Blue Bell Tavern in what is now Cobb's Creek Park, and is to be presented to the City of Philadelphia for permanent maintenance. Plans and pictures of such early types of mills are available, and historic and engineering supervision have been assured. There seems to be unusual appropriateness in reproduction of the "Old Swedes Mill" in which the first mill-wheels of any kind in the State of Pennsylvania turned, and which have been followed by countless thousands since.

International Summer School

The sixth international summer school, under the auspices of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, was scheduled to be held at Chicago from May 17 to 31, following the fourth conference of the League at Washington from May 1 to 7. The Federation of Scandinavian Women's Clubs of Chicago participated and the following Scandinavian delegates were present: for Sweden, Miss Mathilda Widegren, Mrs. Ester Beskow, Mrs. Alma Eriksen, Miss Wingblad, and Dr. Nani Sahlbom; for Norway, Miss Lillian Holby; for Denmark, Miss Clara Tyberg and Miss Elna Wright Quistgaard.

Swedish-American Art Exhibition

During the first two weeks of April the twelfth annual exhibition of Swedish-American artists took place at the Swedish Club in Chicago, and more than fifty artists were represented by one hundred and eleven canvases and six sculptures. The first prize was awarded to Knut Heldner, the second to Torey Ross, the third to Thomas Hall, and honorable mentions were accorded to Axel Linus and Henry Ryden. Honorable mention in sculpture was given Agnes Fromén. Special honors were also bestowed on Arvid Nyholm, Henry Reuter Dahl, Charles Hallberg, Torey Ross, and Alfred Jansson, in that they were chosen to send each a work to the art exhibition held at the Odin Club in Minneapolis in the latter part of April, this club having especially requested the Chicago exhibit to send the five best works of its annual show in order that they might also be on view there.

The Swedish Tourist Society

At a recent celebration to commemorate the fact that its enrollment of associates during the last year exceeded the hundred thousand mark, the Swedish Tourist Association established a scholarship fund, the proceeds of which are to aid the younger Swedish scientists engaging in geographical and ethnographical research in Sweden, particularly in the mountain regions. A mountain museum has also been opened at the Society's headquarters in Stockholm, consisting of photographs, maps, equipment and the like.

An Aid to Seeing Norway

The Yearbook for 1923 of the Norwegian Tourist Association is like the earlier annual volumes full of information and illustrations that will appeal to all lovers of outdoor life. A considerable amount of space is devoted to the Dovre region,

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which has always been considered the heart of Norway, its flora and fauna, its song and story, and the famous journey across these mountains in 1733 by King Christian the Sixth. Many other interesting localities are also treated, and there are reports on the Association's varied activities, maps, rules, and suggestions for the guidance of walking parties and mountain climbers in which Norway abounds.

A Swedish Religious Writer Translated

A new revised and enlarged edition of *Daily Meditations Upon the Epistle Lessons of the Church Year* by Dr. Fredrik Hammarsten has been issued by the Augustana Book Concern at Rock Island, Illinois. The author, lately deceased, was one of Stockholm's noted preachers, and both his collection of sermons *The Good Seed* and his *Daily Meditations* have in English translation been widely read among American Lutherans.


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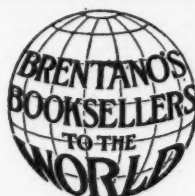
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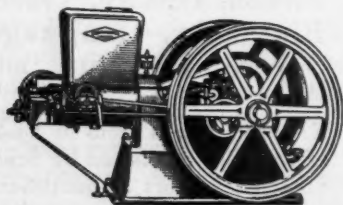
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